

Victim Impact Statement

Kelly Wallace-Victim

Bradley Wade Rietze-Accused

January 16, 2010, how I wish I could go back to that day it was Katie's birthday, and I was sitting in the kitchen with my two daughters talking about our futures. That was the last day I saw my Brittney alive. The next time I saw her was in a coffin I picked out for her. I was told not to touch her too much as she was heavily make-uped to cover up the bruises. Imagine that don't touch your own daughter.

Three things go through my mind every day since this happened to my daughter. One is the crying sound of my son's voice as he tells me over the phone that Brittney is dead. Two is the sound of my youngest daughter's scream when she awakes after only a few hours rest and realizes this isn't a dream. The third is that Brittney is gone her last breaths in life must have been so scary for her. All of this is so unbearably sad, sadness that only a mother would understand.

The guilt I have for allowing this man into their lives to ruin their youth. The dreams that are gone not only for Brittney but for the rest of us as well. I am so angry that this has happened. Such a senseless crime. The questions that I need answers to but will never get them are always in the back of my mind. My daughter is gone she will never be back. I hurt so much I cry for her many times in the day. No Parent should have to bury their babies.

I have spent so many days where I couldn't focus. I needed to take life one minute at a time. I needed to just get out of bed, just put on my socks etc. Unreal how you look at something one hundred times and then look at again like it is for the first time. I was in total shock, this only happens on tv not in my life. I was living the worst nightmare. No one should have to live. I had a hard time eating; I had a hard time consoling my children, and then not being able to discuss details of the case for two years while we awaited the long court date was worst of all. I didn't even know if we could move back to the place we once called home, we eventually went back but mainly to do some repairs and leave our nice place and move to a small more affordable place. Here we go starting over. I have no idea how I made it through the first year, like I wasn't really on earth myself. I was so depressed. I had thoughts of joining Brittney, but I knew God needed me here on earth. My sleep has been deprived for two years now. I lay awake and think about it and ask those annoying questions, to myself over and over again like somehow I will find the answer. I can't stop the pain in my chest; I have a real broken heart. I can often be in a room full of people and feel so alone I don't think this will ever go away. I wonder if there will be a time that I will feel whole and happy again. This person who I trusted, who Brittney trusted should have been there to protect us not hurt us to the point that we will never be put back together again. I can't stand that when I go to a grocery store or out for a walk and bump into someone how they look at me with great sympathy. I can't go anywhere in my neighbourhood where I don't make someone uncomfortable because they don't know what to say.

That day I lost my daughter, my husband, my step sons, friends, brother and sister-in-laws, my way of living. My family is broken and will never be whole again. I will never again hold my daughter in my arms, feel her skin, smell her hair, or hear her voice. My beautiful Brittney is dead all at the hands of one person. RIP my Princess.